

Ethereal

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Summary: 2 a.m who do you love?.-Hiccunzel

Ethereal

I haven't watched HtTYD in ages. So somethings would be wrong.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup Haddock , once again, sat in the lone table.<p>

It was particularly busy in the bar. The Vikings were celebrating their latest achievement of invading a part of a land.

The crowd cheered, danced, and drank their liquor and colourful drinks.

The boy was too indulged on his copy of 'Dragons and Mythical Creatures' to party. And frankly, he wouldn't. It wasn't his achievement to celebrate to. He didn't even took part in the invasion.

Now that he realised it, he hadn't taken part on any invasion nor brawls.

Let's just say he was the disappointment child.

Sighing, he flipped a page of his copy. The paper stress was heard by the people near him but was ignored.

'...-Witches appeared to be real. For one turned a queen into a bear in Scotland...' His brown eyes rolled at the information. Why was he reading about Witches anyway? He needed information about dragons...

As he was about to give out a grunt, his eyes caught the attention of a foreign blonde that was standing in the entrance, a frying pan in

her right hand, a bundle of hair on the other and a reptile hung near her neck.

Very odd.

The girl's face lightened as she saw the people dancing, a second passed and she joined the crowd. Ah, so she was a people person.

Hiccup's gaze was still locked on the girl, until his eyes met with hers. Her smile slowly dropped as she saw him looking at her.

She must've knew that he was the 'failure Viking' or the 'Disappointment son of Stoick.' Maybe his labels of him self was exaggerated.

Well, he's misfit. So him partying and dancing was a huge no.

Shifting his gaze at the texts again, he could feel that he was a tad bit disappointed. He would at least like to converse with her to fill his loneliness.

Oh well.

At least he has a dragon to look forward to.

What seemed about hours, he felt a light tap on his shoulder. Looking over, his heart skipped a beat.

It was her.

No, not Astrid.

The foreign blonde girl that was spinning in circles on the dance floor.

Now that she was up close, he could see her features properly.

Big green eyes, small button nose that was freckle-filled on the top and a smile.

"Hi." She smiled to him, some strand straying near her face.

"Hello..." He replied, feeling nervous.

"What 'cha reading~?" She asked quite cutely, head tilting to view the book properly, blonde locks followed the head's movement.

"A book." He said rather quickly, less nervous.

"Haha... Why don't you join in? It's fun dancing." She smiled at him, setting herself down next to him, arms propped up to the table and her hands cupped her rabbit-faced cheeks.

"Uh... I'm not the type to dance. If it's so fun, why don't you continue dancing?"

"Tired. Come on, I'll teach you! It'll be fun."

"Didn't you say you were tired?" Hiccup countered with a sheepish grin.

"Veery funny." She grinned too. "Say, are you from here? Mind showing me around sometim-"

"Hiccup." A plump, dull-eyed viking announced cutting the girl off, his hat sat loosely on his head. "'Ya fathers looking fo' 'ya. Looked angry. What you did this time?"

The brunette's face burned pink slightly. "He looked always looks angry..." He muttered, standing up and collecting his book.

"You're going now?" The girl asked quite disappointed.

"Yea. Have to. See you la-"

"Rapunzel." She grinned once again at him. "My name's Rapunzel."

"I'm Hiccup." The boy breathed out. "I'll see you later then."

Nodding a goodbye to her, her smile dropped, a sigh leaving her lips.

"I'm not sure about that.."

"Huh? Why?"

"Well, I don't live here-"

"Come on, Hiccup! Your father's reaall angry!"

Rapunzel gave him a smile, then waved goodbye.

He returned the gesture, and ran towards the mobs of drunkards and dancers. A tint of pink ran across his face as he remembered her smile.

Hiccup Haddock , running to his angry viking of a father, had realised he had fallen in love with the foreign girl named Rapunzel.

End  
file.